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THERE'S NOTHING BUT EROTICAAAAA!!!!!!!!!

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Staff Box: (In order of appearance)

CHLOE: Not just putting up with madness, being

a part of it.

MADDI: Memes + Grilled Cheese

ZACHARY: ??? Bringing a bowl with you

ALANA: "a bunch of self-aggrandizing bullshit"

SPENCER: I honestly don't care, whatever

SIMON: Shrek is love, Shrek is life

EMORY: What even is love? Not what is love?

REJJIA: I don't know, but it exists JONATHAN: crippling anxiety, and weed

Front Cover: Chloe Omelchuck Back Cover: Evan Silberman

Submissions are due always, constantly, so submit forever. You can submit in rich text or plain text format by CD, Flash Drive, singing telegram, carrier pigeon, paper airplane, Fed-Ex, Pony Express, or email. Get your submissions to omen@hampshire.edu, or Chloe's mailbox (0369)

Policy

The Omen is a biweekly publication that is the world's only example of the consistent application of a straightforward policy: we publish all signed submissions from members of the Hampshire community that are not libelous. Send us your impassioned yet poorly-thought-out rants, self-insertion fan fiction, MS Paint comics, and whiny emo poetry: we'll publish it all, and we're happy to do it. The Omen is about giving you a voice, no matter how little you deserve it. Since its founding in December of 1992 by Stephanie Cole, the Omen has hardly ever missed an issue, making it Hampshire's longest-running publication.

Your Omen submission (you're submitting right now, right?) might not be edited, and we can't promise any spellchecking either, so any horrendous mistakes are your fault, not ours. We do promise not to insert comical spelling mistakes in submissions to make you look foolish.

Your submission must include the name you use around campus: an open forum comes with a responsibility to take ownership of your views. (Note: Views expressed in the Omen do not necessarily reflect the views of the Omen editor, the Omen staff, or anyone, anywhere, living or dead.)

The Omen staff consists of whoever shows up for Omen layout, which usually takes place on alternate Thursday nights in the basement of Merrill in the company of a computer with an extremely inadequate monitor. You should come. We don't bite. You can find the Omen on other Thursdays in Saga, the post office, or on the door of your mod.

Views in the Omen (5)

Do not necessarily (7)

Reflect the staff's views (5)

EDITORIAL

Chloe Anne Omelchuck

Allow me to begin this issue by saying that erotica can be represented in its significance to me as a genere by this drawing:



^submitted by: Allison Zeitler

Allow me to explain:

As a person who finds herself somewhere in the zone of what I guess would be termed "asexual," erotica is like nothing else I know. Since I grew up carrying a book with me everywhere, I was quickly introduced to the world of erotica by a like-minded friend. As I read I found such writing INTERESTING. I enjoy reading erotica, it's something completely outside my experiance, like reading about a different culture. When I read erotica, it's not because it's erotic, but simply because I am somewhat fascinated by this idea of being "turned on" by another person. Thus, reading erotica is like peering through a strange window into a place that makes absoultely no sense to me.

On the other hand, I find erotica frustrating because of it's representation of a genera and type of writing which I am utterly incapable of. My style of writing hinges on adapting my own experience, hopes, dreams, and fears into characters on the page. Having come to terms with my sexuality some time ago, I have also discovered the near impossiblity of writing anything that has anything to do with love or sex. I CAN, but it's always a source of extreme discomfort because, for me, it has no bearing in my reality and thus feels like a lie.

In any case, in light of this very special erotica issue, valentine's day, and all things to do with love I would ask you to celebrate sexuality, sensuality and all things that turn you on and get you excited. However, as a person for which those things hold no meaning, I would also ask that you consider love in all its forms as a seperate entity from sexual...ness.

What is the difference between sexual and romantic love?

Can two people be "lovers" without ever feeling attracted to each other?

In an era of sexual liberation I fear that we may have let these questions fall by the wayside in favor of "going with whatever feels right." To be sure, you must go with what feels right, but not at the cost of putting no thought into it. And if you're unsure of where to begin thinking about these questions, do what I did: look to erotica and erotic experiences and stories of love and stories of hate. For if I can advocate nothing else, I can advocate for doing your research.

Love you all!







Whispers in the Bedsheets

by: Maddi Picard

You opened the door and there he was, glistening in the moonlight. The window's curtains were drawn back completely, letting the glow from the winter's storm hit the bedsheets with such elegance - such grace. This is what you had been waiting so long for, and you are finally able to get your chance.

He says hello, and asks how you've been. You answered wistfully, and fell into the playful attitude that he implied. He was lying on the bed, layered with satin sheets while Kenny G sounded from the television set. You sat on the bed beside him and reached for the champagne. He was talking about how fortunate it was for you to both be free at the same time. He mentioned that now since he was in the commercial business he could easily access you from one agent to another. You pop open the bottle and pour two glasses to the brim.

He spoke about how the industry has really offered him some great networking opportunities, and how grateful he was for your help in connecting him. He suddenly stopped and stared at you for a moment. Was he waiting for a response? Was he looking for something more? You couldn't get a good read on him. You told him to tell you what he was thinking. What was pestering him so much that he had stopped talking about his career? How he made it big? How he was able to make all this money being the "fun, lovable" guy? You pondered this last thought before you were suddenly thrusted against the bed.

The next thing you know he was on top of you, embracing you. This strictly platonic act made you question everything. Was he going mad? Did he misconstrue your generous gestures as affection? The question remained in your head when he abruptly let go. You asked his what

was up with him, and he tells you how badly his work had actually been stressing him out. You then think about all the things that he has done for you as well. You begin to think - in fact even convince yourself- that maybe all those actions / were/ out of love. It hits you like a freight train. Little did you realize, but you had been the love of each other's lives for so long now. It only just dawned on you. You feel dazed, but want to make it work. Instead of pushing him away, you pull him back. You lean into his ear and carefully tell him that you completely understand now. You let him take control of your body.

The next thing you know he's holding you firmly, yet with passionate grace. He's feeling all of your curves, all the imperfections that you never learned to fully embrace as yourself - as something to love, to be fallen into. Remnants from yourself are left on him as he explores every nook and cranny of your perfectly imperfect body. His mouth covers you, and you are left feeling wrapped in his warmth and affection. You enter him with fervor, and regard him as one of your most prized infatuations. You feel numb to the pain as you slide through his hollow body. You find yourself a cozy opening in the soft tissue of his body, and you shroud yourself in his willingness. You envelope yourself in the closeness that you now shared together. This was a unifying experience-this was something you would both think about for days to come. As you settle inside him, you notice more remnants of yourself join you as well. Slowly, you are reconnected with the parts of yourself that you once thought were gone forever. You are startled at first - how is it that you became so undone? Had the ordeal been that costly to you? But these distressing thoughts held no truth as you accepted destiny's will. You gradually let yourself become engulfed in his juices, and as the lights slowly go out, you leave with him only your 13% sodium and 15% total fat daily intake. You are a cheeto. He is Danny Devito. The end.

No More Sex At Hampshire College

BY: SPENCER WOOD

tw: low self-esteem, chastity, slime apocalypse

YOU AND YOU'RE FRIENDS ARE SITTING IN THE LOUNGE YOU'RE ENJOYING A NICE SATURDAY night hangout

ALL OF YOU ARE HORNY

EVERYONE IS HAPPY WHEN TV SCREEN TURNS ON. JLASH IS ON THE SCREEN CORRUGATED METAL LINING THE SIDE OF HIS FACE, HIS EYES GLOWING A PALE RED, WHAT REMAINS OF HIS SKIN A SICKLy Green

JLASH ina voice like electric razor scraping against the chalkboard: "greetings students. it's jonathan lash, the president of hampshire college. the adminstration's decided that you're all too damn horny. Report to the abandoned factory tomorrow morning for mandatory chastity fitting. no more sex at hampshire college. Jlash out."

JLASH DOES A SALUTE AND YoU'RE ALL LEFT THEIR IN STUNNED SILENCE. EVERYONE IS SO HORNY BUT NO ONE CAN GET IT UP THEY're all TOO SCARED.

you fidget all nght instead of sleep. you hear some people trying to fuck in the other rooms but you can't you're too nervous u can't get wet. It sucks you hate it. you love sex and you can never have it again or jlash will have you expelled. It sucks.

The next morning you get up and you're too tired and you dont wanna get up but you have to. U can't get expelled or ur parents will make you come work at the nuclear power plant. Ever since the economy ended everyone's parents got jobs at nuclear power plants. no more

barbers no more farmers no more baristas. the only jobs you can get without college are mopping nuclear waste, transporting nuclear waste plugging nuclear waste, vacuuming nuclear waste. all ur life you've dreamed of coming to the only college left in the world to study chastity belt manufacturing and become a world-famous manufacturer of chastity. how ironic now it is u who will be chaste!

You leave merrill. the air is cold and gross like it always is. The sky is pink ever since what happened to hadley. some students are fighting but jlash's mutant police are dragging them away to get chaste. you yawn and go to the slime gondola. normally you'd walk to the abandoned factory but today ur too tired so you pay the slime gondolier some slime dollars. she takes u down the slime river sometimes a slime bubble pops next to u and by the end of the trip your just soaking in slime, just absolutely covered in green slime all up in your orifices and it's making u horny.

When you get to the abandoned factory everything is bad. the mutant police are outfitting everyone with chastity devices and all the professors are there and theyre pointing and laughing they think all of the students look funny naked especially you! u have to take ur clothes off and it makes you feel so bad

one professor the one who gave you a bad eval points at you and goes: "haha what an ugly body!! Good thing your never going to have sex again. Professors have sex all the time and it rules. we're really good at it and we do it instead of teaching. Fuck you" Suddenly its ur turn ur at the front of the line. A MUTANT COP GRABS YOU AND HE SHOVES THE CHASTITY DEVICE ON U. EVERYONE LAUGHS EVEN THE OTHER STUDENTS BECAUSE U HAVE THE MOST DISGUSTING BODY. NO ONE KNOWS IT BUT NOW YOUVE NEVER EVEN HAD SEX NO ONE WANTED TO. UR A VIRGIN FOREVER. UR CRYING AND COVERED IN SLIME. ROBOT JLASH PUTS YOUR CRYING NAKED BODY RIGHT ON THE FRONT OF THE HAMPSHIRE

WEBSITE FOREVER AND ADMISSIONS GOES UP 1000% BECAUSE EVERYONE THINKS UR SO GROSS

two years passed. students caught trying to remove their chastity devices are thrown into the slime pits beneath the kern center and recycled 4 fuel. No ones had sex. the professors hook up a slime hose to ur room so that u and everything u own is constantly covered in slime. Its horny and gross! they make u do ur div iii on slime studies but no matter how good it is they always tell u its bad. your chair says your not going to graduate and you have to do slime div iii againn next year. your parents are disappointed in you and u have to sleep in the nuclear power plant laundry room when you come home for break. Theyve given ur room to a dog. Youre horny all the time and you will be forever.

ONE DAY you wake up and for some reason everything is quiet. all u can hear is the gentle hum of nuclear waste in the walls. u get out of your room and the entire hallway is covered glistening slime.

"what the fuck" you say

you hear running and you see another student running down the hall. They almost run into you when a tendril of slime comes out the floor and grabs them. You see it drag them down the hall and disappear.

"what the fuck" you say

you walk outside and everything is just as slimy. There's an ocean of slime flooding the campus and dragging everyone beneath it. theres so much slime in the air the sky has turned from pink 2 green. the mutant police are trying to fight back but theyre not strong enough, they dont have a way to kill slime.

suddenly a wave of slime sweeps you off your feet and carries you across campus! Your saying your slime prayers when the wave begins to dissipate, leaving you on top of the ruins of the old library. you see the slime overwhelming the campus. mutant cops are trying to climb up Volume 48, Issue 1 · The Omen

THE LIBRARY UNDERNEATH U, CRAWLING UP PILES OF BURNT OUT BOOKS, BUT SLIME IS TOO MUCH FOR THEM, LASER BLASTS ARE FLYING PAST U BUT THE MUTANTS CANT HOLD ON FOR LONG

YOU GAZE ACROSS CAMPUS TO THE SCIENCE BUILDING, TO JLASHS OFFICE ON THE TOP FLOOR. U SEE JLASH, A MORE MACHINE THAN MAN, ENCASED IN A THRONE OF WIRE AND STEEL. YOU MAKE EYE CONTACT AND HE SMILES, FOR JUST A MOMENT, BEFORE HIS OFFICE IS FLOODED WITH SLIME.

suddenly the slime aoround you is rising up, reshaping into the form of a beautiful senssous androgynous human. the slime human smiles at u.
you say "who are you"

SLIME HUMAN: SLIME HAS FOUND A HOME ON THIS CAMPUS FOR GENERATIONS. PULSATING BENEATH THE SURFACE, BUBBLING UP, LISTENING TO THE WORLD ABOVE. WE ABSORBED THE RADIATION AND WASTE AND THE RAW ENERGY OF CHASTE HUMAN LIFE CREATED BY YOUR PEOPLE AND BECAME MORE THAN JUST GOO, WE BECAME SENTIENT SLIME. ALL THE WHILE WE LISTENED TO YOU, THE HERALD OF SLIME, ONE WITH US DAY AFTER DAY. WE ARE SLIME TOGETHER.

u dont even hesitate u embrace the slime, letting it fill you, becomin one. U understand ur purpose now.

u rise above the ocean of slime, the celibate queen of slime, the president of hampshire college, ruler of an empire that stretches from one end of the valley to the other. u spend eternity engulfed in slime, a wise and just ruler, spreading slime to the stars and beyond. u never sex, and stay horny forever.

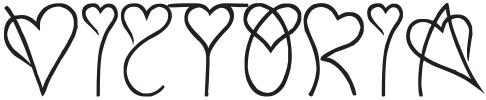






THE GUY I SHOT TO DEATH DIED OF NATURAL GUSES By: Dutch Comerford Clark

As I walk in the door, my hair frayed, beaten and shredded by the work week, I see him sitting there. He's so beautiful, my body howls for a taste. I am drawn to him almost as if I am under the control of another. I sit down and begin to peel back his thin baggy dressing, each layer bringing me one step closer to Mac's delicious meat. It crinkles on the floor as I inhale that irresistible musty smell. I can barely open my mouth wide enough to take it all in, but I'm more than eager. As I swirl my tongue around and feel the greasy salty fluids on my tongue. I take in as much as I can, feeling the pleasure cascade over me and washing away the misery and desperation of the office. Overwhelmed with taste and pleasure I push down a little too hard on Mac's meat. My teeth slip and shred into his flesh. Tearing and rending meat and blood, viscera flying and sticking to my chin. Blood spurts and oozes down my face, the thick red liquid staining my teeth and gums. I leave him there bloody, limp and torn in two while I go and wipe the gore from my face. I hate undercooked burgers.



By: Caleb Thompson

Tw Warning: blood, gore, BDSM

I see my taxidermist every month. We drink some wine, we fuck, and he nails me up on the wall. I like the feeling of being split, my right arm hanging over the mantelpiece, the skin from my chin to my breasts hanging stretched in the doorway between the kitchen and the dining room, my head lolling out over the view of the staircase and the living room.

I hang there for two days. I stare from the wall as he slices each glute off and mounts them in two different corners of the ceiling. My stomach drops down from a ceiling fan, which has been scrubbed clean before my arrival. Light shines through it, bathing the room in pink. The care he takes of me is incredible. I like to close my eyes and imagine myself in the different places, hanging in space. Where am I? The tools glint in his gentle, confident hands.

The best part is that I'm searing. Even with the anesthetic and the huge concoction of other medicines and herbs Vinny has me on to keep the process safe, I wallow chemical bliss, sometimes sleeping, sometimes rigid with pain, always opening. It's all very opening.

Vinny explains the entire process to me as he does it so I know I can trust him. Sometimes after he's done stripping all the skin off and stretching it he comes up to me and asks "How do you like the view?" and kisses me on the lips. I kiss him back. Of course I can't talk while I'm on all the drugs and separated like this, but he knows I'm listening. We relax together for a while and I do admire the view, the glistening blood, the transparent sheets of skin nailed artfully throughout the room. Mine. It's all me. I

smile inwardly at this.

Vinny gets back to work. "Do you want to see your spine?" he says. I do. I would beg if I could. Even though I've seen it so many times, even though I've memorized each part by now, I need him to explain it to me again in his painstaking, conscientious way. He enumerates each part, explains how the form of the bone and the nerve serves specific yet varied functions. He tells me about all of them.

Vinny squints through his glasses in a stern smile. I want to eat that smile. Oh, oh, yeah. He asks me "What's it like to know what you're made of?" He walks around the room, now more of a cave or an exhibit. "It must be a very singular experience. I almost envy you."

Oh, Vinny, if I could give you that experience, you know I would! If you only asked, if only I knew how, I would take you apart and treasure every little muscle and tendon. I'd slice your hand off and sit on your lap as you watch me use it to masturbate, pouring your blood into my mouth, into my clit, onto my everywhere. I want to feel your blood on my hands. To rub it into my stomach and feel it dry on me, then crush the drying dust like eraser residue into my bones and lick/lock it up. I'd know you're watching me because I know what it's like to be the watcher, the one who is split and sliced. I'd know it and I'd love it.

It must be fun to have the control. You have the tools, the knowledge. It still melts me that you asked me if you could cut me up. My dear, how did you know?

^submitted by: Kayna Wong

Do you mind if I masturbate to you when i get home?

I know you told me 🙂



You'll never be able to forget about me

Can I look at your pictures on face book?

SAGA by: Maddi Picard

"This is smut." You're absolutely correct.

Your grace, your beauty - nothing can come even close to your worth. I enter you with excitement - lust even. As I swipe my card it's clear to me, and you as well, that there was no better time than this. Just as I descend the stairs, I can already smell your aroma as it wafts through my nose openings. I peruse the menu options ever so delicately, carefully choosing which delicacy would operate well under the current bowel conditions. I spoon the creamy tomato into the bowl and proceed to allow myself a plate of steamy sweet potatoes. I have been waiting for this moment all day. My entire morning was haunted by the very thought of dinner. I desperately craved it as the sun set, and now, standing in front of all the vegetarian, gluten free, and vegan options, I tell myself this is how it should be. This is what I wanted, what I have waited for. I settle myself in a seat with a window view, and take my first steps on the path to ecstasy.

Every bite I took sent shockwaves through my body. Chills had erupted up and down my spine like an electrical current surging. The next thing I knew I had finished everything on my plate. There were only scraps now where the delightful meal had once been. My stomach was full, but I still yearned for more. Reloading my plate with the second round of potatoes, I finally took a moment to stop and thank Bon Appetit for their generosity. I especially appreciate their taste for the not-so traditional food pairings. Orange zest chocolate cake? More like call in a motel room for two.



some ^submitted by: Kanya Wong

As I sit and ready myself for this next adventure, I lay a napkin on my lap and say a prayer. It's the end for these potatoes.

much later that same evening

I laid in bed wreathing in agony. By the highest power, how did I let it get to this? I was so full, full of love, energy, gratefulness. And now? Now I am empty - again craving the luscious flavors of Bon Appetit delicacies. As a single tear creates an ever so delicate trail on my cheek, I begin to whisper to myself. "It's gonna be ok," I say. "Everything will be over in the morning, at 7:30 in the glorious morning". With a sense of urgency, I reached over to the night stand and grab the one thing that can remove the lust from my eyes - my heart. I shove that dildo straight up into my vagina. "Wow!" I say. I wiggled it around and moved it up and down. It felt icky, but I loved it. I feel asleep next to it. Only until the next night will I be inclined to achieve this peak of arousal. Oh Bon Appetit, how I lust for you. How I love for you. Just know that everything I do is for you. Only you. You are the one I live for, the one I can never live without. Without you, I am nothing. To you and all those that supply me with the multitude of calories - I thank you. <3

Please dont judge me for writing this.

by: Zachary Madgid

I will preface this thing with some sound advice. As you get older, people will care more about your personality and less about your looks. If you can't find love, just wait for people to get older and less judgemental. Which is ironic because that waiting is killing me.

The worst part about having low self esteem is the only way I can think of to raise my own self worth is through the praise of others. But no one likes to talk to the guy who is always self deprecating, much less date him. So getting a girlfriend is next to impossible for someone like me. Kind of depressing right? A self fulfilling prophecy of the loneliest proportions. So here I sit, on my computer, typing out a sad little plea for attention and love to post in the erotica issue of the Omen because this isn't erotic at all but it is almost valentine's day and all that. But now that I think about it, this is a terrible idea because it makes me sound desperate and pathetic. So please don't read this and think I'm begging for someone to pity date me or something. Because I know from experience, pity dates are pretty awful. But I also have no real way of connecting with people, since I'm terribly awkward in person so writing is nice because I can think out what I

want to write, and select the way people view me through writing. Ironic that I'm writing to portray myself as some sort of lonely loser without social skills. And the self deprecation continues! If you're still reading, please stop this is just getting awkward. Move on to dick picks or smut that are probably elsewhere in this issue. Probably more interesting.

Also don't feel sorry for me and try and connect with me over this sad little writing piece. I'll just feel bad for making you think you need to do that. Or do, I probably need some form of human connection to function as a human being in society. Who knows, maybe I'll write some short stuff to put in later Omen issues. Or I'll just not since I'd rather be playing video games than risk criticism on my less than stellar writing and cliched plots. So that's it for this thing I guess. Moral of the story is believe in yourself and be natural in conversations to make friends and start relationships. Don't be an ass, and be respectful. Basically avoid being a cliched bad antagonist in a teen romance novel and you'll be fine in life. Also do some form of exercise so you don't die when the zombies come.

I literally am so turned on right now if you were here I would have push you against a well tore off whatever you were wearing and put my head in between your thighs

Dude I'm loosin it right now I need to have you

^submitted by: Kayna Wong



^submitted by: Rejjia Camphor

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Nausea and Time Travel

by: Simon Fields

I was minding my own business in a class which I won't name. I was sitting in a lecture hall, in the top row, at the very back, in the same place where I usually sit. There was this girl, this very attractive girl who I was into at an earlier point in the semester. Then I saw her constantly hanging out with a guy in the class and I moved my sights elsewhere. I had given up on any hope of going out with this girl. But you see, she was sitting in the row beneath me, in a seat directly beneath me. And her beau was seated right next to her.

I was attentively listening to the lecture, like the serious priggish bore that I am, but I couldn't help noticing that directly beneath me, this girl was constantly touching her boyfriend. Constantly. In the middle of class. He struck me (and this is a compliment – we'd later become friends) as a straight Oscar Wilde type. Today he was wearing a fur coat; leopard fur. And I suppose the combination of (self) righteous indignation about fur coats (and the animals that were killed to make those coats, indignation that I explode in as I reminisce over a cheeseburger), and jealousy, and the fact that all the fun was being had in a different row, a row right beneath my nose, well it all added up to a sense of revulsion.

I couldn't help it. I just had this visceral feeling; it was revolting. This was strange, you see, because it isn't my normal reaction to romance. Usually, when I see friend making out with a girl or guy I politely look away because watching them making out seems slightly awkward. That isn't prudishness it's just a sense that my friends need their space. When I watch movies, I watch love scenes quite eagerly, because I mistakenly identify with the lead actors, and live vicariously through them. The same cannot be said of porn actors, because I definitely never watch porn. I have no idea how I would know names like Lisa Ann, Jenna Jameson, Audrey Bitoni, ah, let's see, Prya Rai, etc. No clue. They must have just slipped into my mind while I was asleep, but even that definitely didn't happen in a wet dream. It couldn't have. Maybe I just decided to Google their names.

Anyhow, my eyes dart away from someone making a comment and back to the leopard skin lovefest. Ugh. Suddenly, the classroom began dissolving. I don't know how it began dissolving, but it was just me, the straight Oscar Wilde with the fur coat, and the attractive girl with the highlights in her hair. Their clothing looked very different. Gone was the fur coat. Instead, the guy was wearing clothing which seemed to come from the seventeenth century. A stiff collar, a dark doublet and

breeches and tattered boots. Altogether, it was far more dour than the fur coat. The girl also wore far more dour clothing – her tank top was gone, but unfortunately it had been replaced by a somber dress which managed to cover just about everything. Despite their clothing, they were comfortably situated in an abandoned haystack.

I looked down at my own sleeves, which had flowing cuffs of a relatively lacey variety. My sleeves were brown, and looking down at my shoes I saw a buckle. I put my hand up to my head and sure enough, I found a musketeer hat. I must have once again been transported back to the English Civil War, or to the succeeding period when England had no monarchs. When Puritans ruled the land. Good god, they don't know! They must have noticed the classroom dissolving, and the feel of hay, and the feel of their more prohibitive clothing, but they are so incredibly enamored with each other that they have no clue that they had traveled in time. Hopefully the Rump Parliament isn't in power yet. Those people outlawed the bawdy houses, the theaters, the national feasts, and even Christmas. They just couldn't stand to see people having a good time. I need to do something about this. The merry couple begin passionately making out. Damn.

"Excuse me, guys, um," I'm shocked that colloquial 21st Century English escapes my lips. I love British history; if anyone would take advantage of time travel to use "antiquated" words such as "would'st" "could'st", or "should'st" or "shalt" or "knave" or "wastrel" well, I'd be the geek who would. But I suppose the awkwardness of the situation demands that I communicate in the most direct way possible. "See."

"Simon, can't you see that we're a little bit busy right now?" the girl says a bit angrily.

"That's the problem."

"What you have a problem with women choosing who to hook up with?"

"No, you don't understand. You're in the Seven..."

"Did you just tell her that she doesn't understand what she's talking about? Quit mansplaining, in fact, quit butting in and leave us alone."

"Look at your clothing you fools! Where is the classroom? Why are you in a haystack? How did this randomly happen? It's the Seventeenth Century! 1640s or 50s England if I'm not mistaken. You see I've been randomly transported back to the time of the English Civil War. I don't know how it's been happ—"

One of the two who I won't identify, laughed insanely. "You've been traveling back to the English Civil War? Hahahahaha. Oh man, Simon, you're hilarious."

"But, come on, we are wearing clothing from that time. Where is the classroom? We are in a haystack." Said the other.

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"Listen, guys, you can't just do this out in the open. If the Rump Parliament is already in power..."

"Did you say Rump Parliament? Hahahahhha."

"Yeah, yeah, very funny. But they prohibited premarital sex."

"We're not having sex, yet."

"Open displays of affection won't go over well either. Listen you've got to be sensible. Let's find a nice quiet tavern,"

"Can we have sex in the tavern?"

I ignore the question, "and plot our journey to France. If you can get to France, you'll be able to fuck your brains out for as long as you want."

"You know," says the person who was quicker on the uptake about which century we were in, "illegal sex is probably hotter than 21st Century sex. The threat of getting caught will make for a more exciting fuck."
"Oh, I agree babe."

This was a difficult point for me to dispute. I even agreed that the situation would probably be more enjoyable in the moment. Provided the thrilling fear isn't realized... But I also thought that excitement was less important than survival. I might have been less clear headed if I were the one in the haystack. As I wavered over what to say, they began to embrace.

"Get lost," they say in unison. Who could blame them?

Suddenly I open my eyes and I'm back in the classroom. Seated in my row, the back row, the lonely row. In the row in front of me, hands aren't just caressing arms, but also laps. Come on! I'm trying to learn about History! A few minutes pass, and the mutual lap massage is still going strong. Under the table of course. We're watching a documentary now. The girl leans in to whisper

something in straight Oscar Wilde's ear. Those dagum libidinous lucky...

And the haystack is back in view. The paramours are once again wearing 17th Century garb but let's just say that the dress was open and breeches were down and moaning and grunting was quite loud.

What the blissfully ignorant people don't notice is that various villagers are surrounding the haystack. A clergyman from the village proclaimed, "Thou must cease and desist this immorality! Fornication shan't be tolerated; it can ne'er go unpunished. Lad, have you no shame! You are defiling this fair maiden."

"Oh, let's be fair, I'm defiling him just as much as he's defiling me." The maiden replies.

"What is this tongue you speak in? It is unlike any dialehang on, and it's a saucy tongue too. Methinks the lady doth protest too much."

"Oh you think I'm being saucy?"

"Silence! You ought to be ashamed, you lascivious, shameless lustful...

Jezebelle."

"Surely you can do better than that."

"Well, it's downright disgusting! And your sins don't only doom your own souls to damnation, they also affect our souls... You show no remorse, therefore you need'st CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE....



submitted by: Simon Fields

CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE...

be shamed! You need to wear a scarlet letter, F, for fornicator. Thou needs to be flogged for everyone to see. The Magistrate will agree, surely, for that is the law of England."

"Do floggings excite you?"

The poor pastor's face went from red to pink, pink to purple, "HOW DARE YOU!!!!!"

I was back in the classroom. Right, well, I don't want to become the Pastor who I had just seen. And as I look down at the girl in the tank top caressing the guy with the leopard skin coat, I smile about how (relatively) liberated our society has gotten, and fervently hope to see other eras. And perhaps I may.

But your legs your stomach your legs your boobs and your ass it's perfect I love it all.

Think you'll ever be comfortable enough with me to be sexual over text phone or anything

> i think sexting is weird and i couldn't get anything out of it

You don't get how much I wanna have sex with you how fucking bad I want kiss every inch of you I miss eating you out so much

^submitted by: Kayna Wong>



^submitted by: Maddi Picard

Can I be honest

Yes you can

I honestly wanna eat you out not necessarily in a sexual way I just want to make you feel amazing i just wanna eat you out and feel all of you touch you

everywhere until you cum not even need the sex just want you to feel amazing.

I'm sorry if that was a lot

YOU WON'T REGRET .4U SERIOUSLY, LOOK IT THE FION KINGSSS IS ACTUALLY FROM **BACON**" "ACHIN' FOR SOME THAT THE PHRASE: DID JON KNOM

THIS FACTOID WAS BROUGHT TO YOU BY CHLOE OMELCHUCK AND THE OMEN STAFF

FundCom like you. The Omen is trying to get next to you! Trying to get next to you! Trying to get next to you! (chorus.)

On 11/21, which is when we'll distribute it. You know. Free speech and stuff.

\$480 for the print run, because we needed so much space for the Deathfest twitter feed and the elvis armadillos.

Honestly we're not sure why we're doing those anymore. I think it's a dada thing? Do you guys want a breakdown of how much money we're spending on elvis armadillos? Because we can do that next time if you're curious.

December 4, 2013

Submitted by Fiona Stewart-Taylor

The Omen, light of my life, fire of my lies. My sin, my soul. The-Oh-Men: the tip of the tongue taking a trip of three steps down the palate to tap, at three, on the teeth. The. Oh. Men. It was O, plain O, in the Mailroom, standing 200 copies in one stack. It was Omen in the CLA. It was Omen-y at Saga. It was The Omen: A Free was Omen-y at Saga. It was The Omen: A Free Speech Publication, to be distributed 12/12 on the dotted line. But in my arms it was always

The Omen.

I'll miss you, FundCom.

This is kind of an estimate- we're doing layout tomorrow, and we don't know how many pages we're actually going to have submitted.

So if that amount turns out to be wrong, I will fill the rest of the issue with Elvidillos. Or make a playbadger calendar for y'all. Or just rewrite the entire first chapter of War and Peace to be about my feud with the Climax and/or Jlash. We'll make it work, FundCom. Together.

from beyond the grave.)

The Omen is 40 pages long this time. Because we have to operate in multiples of 4, and because the pages of straight up armadillos are too important to be cut, we had to add some pages. It's a rough life we lead. A tough job. Sometimes a violent one. Violent in the sense that I stubbed my toe the last time I was distributing Omens. But really, someone's gotta do it. And someone's got to fund it. (that's you. We do it. You fund it. THE SYSTEM WORKS!)

 $2.8 = 30. \times 04$ $3.2 \times 200 = 640$

That's MATH! Another system that works. Thanks guys we love you! See you at Deathfestiss?

November 4, 2013
Submitted by Fiona Stewart-Taylor
PLEASE IGNORE, REJECT, REFUSE OTHER
REQUEST. PLEASE. I BEG YOU ON BENDED
KNEE. I may have asked for like 10 pages of
of a long story- mostly I didn't want to go to
of a long story- mostly I didn't want to go to
the dropbox, and anyway here we are. I'm
sorry, FundCom. Please don't let this change
sorry, FundCom. Please don't let this change
and hope you'll take me back/approve this one
instead of the other one.

We are still The Omen, though. All that stuff about haunting you still applies. And about the issue coming out on the 7th. That's all still true.

November 18, 2013
Submitted by Fiona Stewart-Taylor
The Omen wants to be the first thing you see in the morning and the last thing you think about at night. The Omen wants to slowdance with you. The Omen has a little song for you.

The Omen has been waiting all week for a

12 Σοho: Α journey into the Annals of (the Omen's) Fundcom History

We'll be delivering those pictures and words on the 10th, so hold onto your hats.

October 22, 2013
Submitted by Fiona Stewart-Taylor
The Omen is your (YOUR) freespeech
publication. This Omen is your Omen, this Omen
is my Omen, this Omen was made for you and
meeeeeeeeeel

There's more to The Omen than that, though! Which merits further description! This is an extra-special HALLOWEEN issue of The Omen, which means there's an extra-special Halloween Sky's Activity Page BOOKLET. I'll get into what that means in the itemized breakdown of costs, but hold onto your witches' hats, FundCom, because this is 2spüky. Distributed 10\24

Sky's Activity Booklet will be printed on 8.5x11 folded in half into booklets, and put gently, obsogently, inside every issue of The Omen. This saves you several cents versus if we published it highlights for kids, if highlights for kids consisted entirely of whining about Hampshire Halloween! If you'd rather, we can print it as regular pages, but that is way less funny.

As always, shipping and handling are free. Free as in beer, not as in speech. Although we only provide speech, not beer. You get the point.

November 4, 2013 Submitted by Fiona Stewart-Taylor The Omen. The Omen.

(If you say The Omen three times in the dark in the FundCom Office, you invoke it into your living room on Thursday November 7th. It's like Beetlejuice, but real! Also we will haunt you

Deathfest: Fundcom Request Golden Years

September 8, 2013

Submitted by Jonathan Gardner (Jgardz)

The Omen! Hampshire's biweekly free speech publication! You write it, we print it! We were sick of describing ourselves to FiCom every two weeks, but given that you guys are completely different with what is undoubtedly a completely different set of people, we can make an exception for you, FundCom. We hope this is the beginning of a beautiful new friendship.

September 18, 2013 Submitted by Jgardz The Omen! Free speech, publish everything, you know the drill.

September 22, 2013
Submitted by Fiona Stewart-Taylor
The Omen! Gosh! What can we say about
The Omen that you don't already know? But
isn't it also true that no matter how well you
know someone, they can still surprise you? Can
we really know the depths of anyone's soul?
Possibly, based off what weird stuff they print in
give us money to give you this issue. If you do
give us money to give you this issue. If you do
give us money to give you this issue. If you do
give us money to give you this issue. If you do
give us money to give you this issue. If you do
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give us money to give you this issue. If you do
give us money to give you this issue. If you do

October 6, 2013 Submitted by Fiona Stewart-Taylor For your convenience, this Omen is the EXACT SAME SIZE as the last Omen. What is that, if not dedication? What, indeed, if not caring? Friendship? Devotion?

Why... it's The Omen! 32 pages of freedom of speech and... spoiler alert... also some pictures of animals. I know. Wowza.

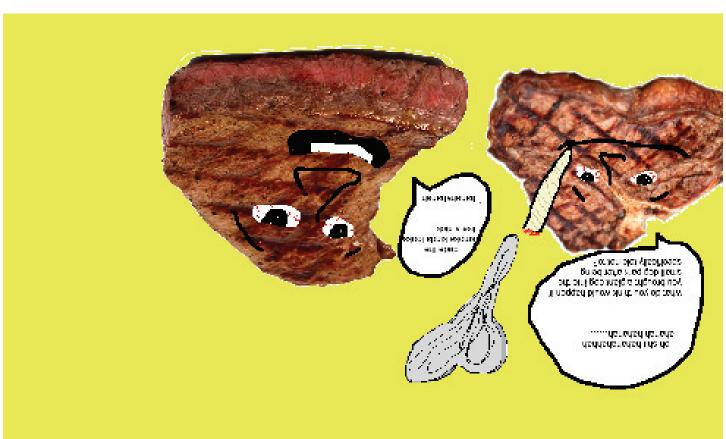
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The Omen \cdot Volume 48, Issue 1



^Submitted by: Julia Hahn





Simon Fields says: I always liked Alice's Adventures in Wonderland. Here's a crack at Carollian verse:

being heard by spies.

Hatter: No, I spoke loudly, to please the spies.

Hare: The imaginary spies.

Alice: Whose spies?

Hare: Do you know, I can't remember. They supposedly reported to the King or Queen of Hearts. Of course, it's stuff and nonsense. We've spoken Treason at least six and twenty times since then, and never got beheaded for it

Hatter: We can't get beheaded, for time is still.

Alice: You mean nothing can happen since you believe time has paused.

Hare: Foolish, disrespectful child! Time is paused.

Alice: That's odd. If nothing can happen while time is paused, then how are we having this conversation? And, I say, that's even more off – how is it that you know time has been paused for two years–, if...

(Suddenly the Hare and the Hatter turned into sheep. They were still wearing their clothing, and the hatter sheep had just broken his pocket watch with his hoof. Both of these respectably dressed sheep began bleating, "two years, two years, two years ago since. Two years, two years, bahhhh. Aye, two years ago since." They continued repeating this mantra since." They continued repeating this mantra as Alice quietly left the table, and resumed wandering about an unrecognizable Winter wandering about an unrecognizable Winter and the Cheshire Cat was nowhere to be seen.)

The February Hare and the Hatter

Hatter: Why are you called the February Hare? I thought you were a March Hare. Or is this just the mercury I use to shine my hats?

Hare: Why does God communicate through wind? Why is stepping on a leaf an expression of hatred?

Hatter: What the devil are you talking about?

Hare: Why is it that people who glance at Exit Signs feel that they accidentally threatened a Concert Pianist playing Beethoven?

Alice: Mobody thinks that when they glance at Exit signs.

Hare: Speak for yourself.

Hatter: For once little Alice here has a point.

Alice: Thank you?

Hare: It's been February these last two years. You see, usually time is paused in March, and I'm called the March Hare. Time was paused in March for twenty years you see. But the Queen of Hearts decided to change the month a couple of years ago. A couple years ago today, if I remember.

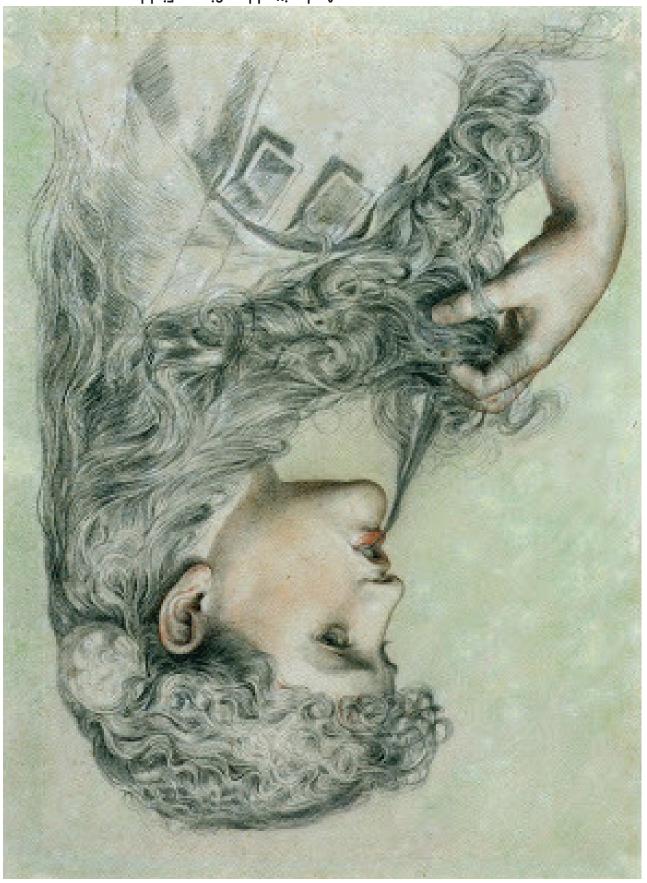
Alice: But your name doesn't come from what month it is, does it? That can't be, for in England time is never paused, and March Hares are called March Hares all the year 'round.

Hatter: Don't try reasoning with him. He's quite mad you know.

Hare: Oh you're just as mad. Why, on this day two years ago, you were whispering to avoid

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^submitted by: Simon Fields



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Submitted by: Allison Zeitler^>



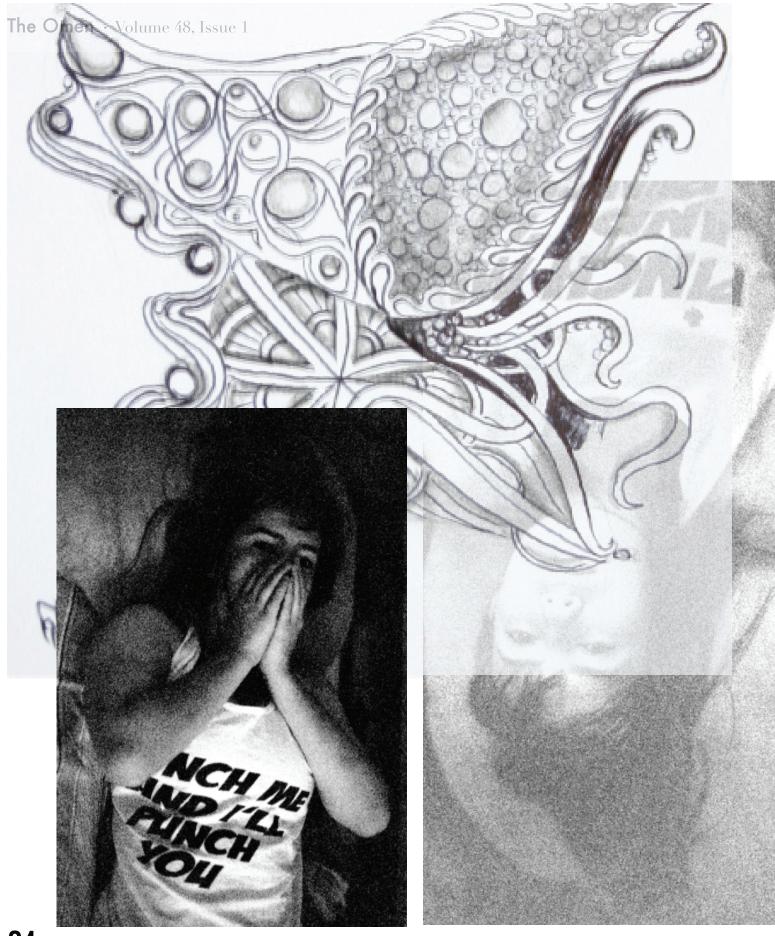




^submitted by: Kanya Wong



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24



You gotta stay untazed! they like to get you spinning they're driving you insane They know what you are thinking

you better not pout I'm telling you why You better not cry So you better watch out

awot ot gniog Chimpanzees are going to town Chimpanzees are awot of gniog Chimpanzees are

OH BOAIIIIII for folks like you and me They're gonna build an asylum Want a jubilee The nightmares in dream land

(nwot Chimpanzees are going (to (nwot Chimpanzees are going (to

Chimpanzees are going Chimpanzees are going

You bet they will be going Chimpanzees are going

Chimpanzees are going

.nwot ooooot

you better not pout you better not cry So you better watch out

I'm telling you why

accomplished? have been frightening. Oh well. Mission have been for you. Then again it might Well, that was cathartic for me, and it might

> nwoT of The Painted Brain, or Chimpanzees are Coming

whatever works, but first, my introduction: standalone or as part of the next edition or Here's a song that I'd love to see, either as a Simon Fields

had. Without turther Ado, a way to make fun of certain experiences I had goodness sake!" This was written a year ago, as you've been bad or good so be good for ye kuows when you're awake, he knows when anxiety: "He knows when you are sleeping, original song does encourage paranoia and euphemistic – anxiety, but then again, the ruin this song with a parody about, let's be is Coming to Town. I really have no right to I'm sorry for ruining the song Santa Claus

The Painted Brain

I'm telling you why you better not pout, you better not cry You better watch out

nwot Chimpanzees are going to Chimpanzees are going to nwot Chimpanzees are going to

It you get out then you will win They're looping you in They're building a maze

awot ot gaiog Chimpanzees are awot ot gaiog Chimpanzees are awot ot gniog Chimpanzees are

I've come to talk with you again
Because a vision softly creeping
Left its seeds while I was sleeping
And the vision that was planted in my
brain
Still remains
Within the sound of silence

Hello darkness, my old friend

In restless dreams I walked alone Narrow streets of cobblestone 'Neath the halo of a street lamp When my eyes were stabbed by the flash of a neon light

That split the night

And touched the sound of silence

And in the naked light I saw Ten thousand people, maybe more People talking without speaking People hearing without listening People writing songs that voices never

People nearing without listening People writing songs that voices never share And no one dared Disturb the sound of silence

"Fools" said I "You do not know, silence like a cancer

grows Hear my words that I might teach you Take my arms that I might reach you" But my words like silent raindrops fell And echoed In the wells of silence owed and prayed od they made ed out its warning words of the prophets ne subway walls ment halls e sounds of silence"







d əlqoəq ədt bnA g noən ədt oT dsoft ngis ədt bnA odt sbrow ədt nl ədT" bips ngis ədt bnA t no nəttirw ərA nənət bnA dt ni bərəqsidw bnA

> **7.7** Continued from Previous Page...

> Jon Land here. I ran The Omen trom 1994-1997. I just thought I'd drop this little piece of satire here re: Hampshire's flag issues if you're interested in running it.

Keep up the great work. I'm very happy to see The Omen going strong after 20+years

uor

,nol iH

Sorry this is being published so late. It must have just missed the last issue last semester. However, I think your message is just as relevant now as was then, and I hope that we will all keep it in mind moving forward.

Chloe Omelchuck

P.S. Your last year as editor was the year I was born, which is super cool and kind of crazy (for me) to be a part of something that's been going on so long and has had such an impact on Hampshire as an institution.

violate me safe space." I left my cube again and when I returned there were 5 flags in my coffee cup. This happened all throughout the day. Whenever I left my desk more and more flags were stuck in my cup, and frankly it was raising my anxiety level from a 2 to roughly a 7-8. At the end of the day a coworker came to my desk and whispered in my ear "why don't my desk and whispered in my ear "why don't of our country?" I was mortified and felt grossly of our country?" I was mortified and felt grossly of our country?"

The action that Hampshire has taken is having real world repercussions leading to the harassment of myself and other Hampshire alum, I alums I've spoken to. So as a Hampshire alum, I feel we should follow Hampshire's lead.

I would encourage all staff, faculty, students, and alumni to not advertise that they have an alfiliation with Hampshire so we can all focus on promoting good works and fighting good fights which are being hampered by the mainstream media's politicization of our Alma Mater. I believe that there should also be a moratorium on sales of Hampshire-branded products from on sales of Hampshire-branded products from the campus store while the hubbub dies down and we can resume our normal lives.

Everything else is a distraction, and at a time like this we need to stand strong and stand together!

Lyauk don.

Peace and Love, Jonathan Land F93 (Omen Editor in Chief 1994-1997)

Sent from somewhere

CONTINUED ON THE NEXT PAGE...

An Open Letter to the Hampshire Community.

These have been difficult days for all of us and our country. We're facing an uncertain and frightening future. Without having taken office yet, President-Elect Trump has sent strong signals that he's going to take the progress we've made on social issues over the past 50-100 years and send them straight back there.

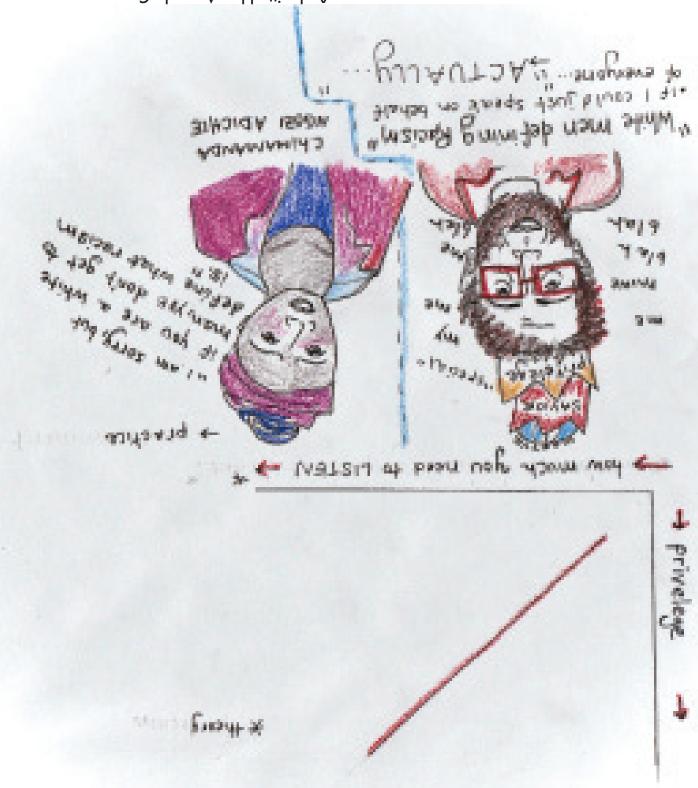
I'm proud of the stance Hampshire has taken over the past few days in regards to flying the American flag to on campus and the attention it's drawn to the College.

However, as a Hampshire alumni (F93 - Go Fighting F4 Sheep!) I have seen and personally been affected by Hampshire's bold stance on two occasions in as many days.

The first was yesterday while I was wearing my Hampshire baseball cap while buying drivethru fast food. I was with my young daughters getting dinner. I placed my order and then drove up to pay. The cashier saw my cap and asked me if it was from "that place that can't cope with America". I told her that the issue was more complicated than that, but yes, I was more complicated than that, but yes, I grad. She then told me she refused to serve me and that I should take my business elsewhere. I then spoke with her manager who told me the same thing. Not wanting conflict, I left because arguing was getting me nowhere and I began to arguing was getting me nowhere and I began to dear for the safety of myself and my children.

That had shaken me up enough, but then the second incident came this morning. I have a Hampshire College mug at work. I've had my coffee in it every day for years. I left my cubicle for a meeting. When I came back, someone had placed an American flag in my cup. I took it out, separated the flag from the plastic stick then put the flag aside and recycled the stick. Ha ha, I thought. Someone thinks it's cute to "Ha ha, I thought. Someone thinks it's cute to





Section Speak

EDITORIAL Chloe Anne Omelchuck

If have to freeze, I'll freeze, Santa thought.

Milliseconds after this noble resolution passed through her mind, a chill ran down her spine. She had flown past the opening of the flue up into the sky. A passerby observing from the right angle might have thought that Santa Claws was level with a cloud. Then came her descent. Please don't let the fall cost me my fifth life, Santa thought to herself. Luckily, a large mound of snow on the rooftop prevented this inconvenience from occurring. Besides the pile of snow, there was a sleigh (this was indeed a grandiose rooftop). Just as Santa Claus noticed her jolly red suit, she also noticed that the sleigh was being pulled by eight doberman pinschers.

Santa Claws arched her back and hissed at the Dobermans and in response they started barking and straining at the bonds to get at her.

"Stay away!" she snapped at them, backing up. Then she promptly became baffled at her sudden newfound ability to speak, which, by all reason, made no sense as cats have neither the proper anatomy nor the mental capacity to actually use words. This night kept getting odder and odder. She was startled out of her this and began to fly away again. However fast her carpet went thought, she couldn't shake the dogs. Santa realized that this was futile- the dobermans were just too fast. She doubled back to the flue where she had just lost one of her precious lives- at least the dogs couldn't follow her! She would take her chances with that couldn't follow her! She would take her chances with that

Santa jumped down the chimney again, this time prepared for the fall. Her remaining lives survived the fall and she rushed to find the (bewildered) child, and then behind a door. Understanding her intent, the child closed the door to allow the cats to acclimate slowly. It took time, but eventually, Santa was a fully integrated member of the eventually, Santa was a fully integrated member of the household.

Love y'all, Chloe

Persian rugs were really too much trouble she thought to herself as she stretched out across one. Despite the fact that she looked magnificent against one, they were awfully uncomfortable. She stretched even further, kneading her the torn-out threads and order a new, more comfortable one. As she sat up, the carpet began to descend towards her ultimate destination. This ultimate destination was beneath the marble mantle. A roaring fire in the flue consumed the itchy, superficially glamorous persian rug. Her fur burned the marble mantle. A roaring fire in the flue consumed the behind a comically pink naked cat. She pranced out of behind a comically pink naked cat. She pranced out of the fireplace with a yelp; by any reasonable measure, she should not have survived that, but she felt no pain at all.

"Santa!" gasped the child, simultaneously excited and rightfully dismayed at seeing a (mostly) hairless cat, and feeling betrayed that no one had told her that Santa's last name was not actually Claus but Claws - not, even, that Santa was a cat. It was a sorry sight to be sure. The cat stretched, licked a paw, and curled up next to the fire and the child soon joined it.

fireplace again. the chimney she resolved to never go within 3 yards of a domestic image of curling up by the fire, as Santa flew up five, and despite the warm familiar feeling and pleasant began Santa Claws had seven. Now she was down to well known that a cat has nine lives, and when this story smoldering embers of the fire and up the chimney. It is sudden return to wakefulness, she sped back through the the ground, a streak of howling fur. Displeased with her and pounced the sleeping Santa Claws. She bounded off The instant they locked eyes the cat leaped off the mantle at the mantle and noticed the other cat for the first time. rumble came up from the cat. The child then looked over tabby markings. The child stroked the soft fur and a low hairless cat had grown back a coast of red and green even opened an eye. The child noticed that the formerly the cat. Though she had twitched at the noise, she had not the window. It was just before dawn. They looked down at knocked off the mantle. The child sat up and looked out They were awakened by the sound of a picture frame being

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Chloe's mailbox (0369) submissions to omen@hampshire.edu, or Fed-Ex, Pony Express, or email. Get your telegram, carrier pigeon, paper airplane, plain text format by CD, Flash Drive, singing submit forever. You can submit in rich text or Submissions are due always, constantly, so

Back Cover: Chloe Omelchuck Front Cover: Evan Silberman

REJILA: I don't know, but it exists

SIMON: Shrek is love, Shrek is life

MADDI: Memes + Grilled Cheese

DID JOU KNOWSS... PAGE 15

ART ETC. ... PAGE 24-22

CHIWPANZEES... PAGE 25

SECTION SPEAK:

SECTION SPEAK:

.... THIS ISSUE...

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LISTENING FORMULA... PAGE 29

a bart of it.

EMORY: What even is love? Not what is love?

"ALALA: "a bunch of self-aggrandizing bullshit"

CHLOE: Not just putting up with madness, being

SPENCER: I honestly don't care, whatever

ZACHARY: ??? Bringing a bowl with you

Staff Box: (In order of appearance)

THE OMEN... PAGES 14-1 PLEASE SEE OPPOSITE SIDE OF

SECTION SPEAK:

Reflect the staffs views (5) Do not necessarily Views in the Omen (2) THE OFFICIAL OMEN HAIKU:

in Saga, the post office, or on the door of

You can find the Omen on other Thursdays

monitor. You should come. We don't bite.

a computer with an extremely inadequate

the basement of Merrill in the company of

takes place on alternate Thursday nights in

shows up for Omen layout, which usually

views of the Omen editor, the Omen staff, or

in the Omen do not necessarily reflect the ship of your views. (Note: Views expressed comes with a responsibility to take owneryou use around campus: an open forum

anyone, anywhere, living or dead.)

make you look foolish.

longest-running publication.

The Omen staff consists of whoever

Your submission must include the name

comical spelling mistakes in submissions to

fault, not ours. We do promise not to insert ther, so any horrendous mistakes are your and we can't promise any spellchecking ei-

ting right now, right?) might not be edited,

ever missed an issue, making it Hampshire's

by Stephanie Cole, the Omen has hardly

it. Since its founding in December of 1992 you a voice, no matter how little you deserve happy to do it. The Omen is about giving emo poetry: we'll publish it all, and we're

fan fiction, MS Paint comics, and whiny

yet poorly-thought-out rants, self-insertion

are not libelous. Send us your impassioned

members of the Hampshire community that icy: we publish all signed submissions from

sistent application of a straightforward polthat is the world's only example of the con-The Omen is a biweekly publication

Your Omen submission (you're submit-

your mod.

